

Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi^{#11}

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DOUBLE ISSUE!!
DEVOTED TO
OBSERVER EDITOR
DAVE
MELTZER
THE MAN! FAN! MYTH?
\$3.00
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DOUBLE ISSUE!!

So.

It comes to this, eh?

A moment of truth.

No bull-shit.

No mo' games.

No smoke.

No con.

If you are dying to know whether the heat between Jeff Mullins and Dave Meltzer is a work or not, you might want to "live" a little longer and read these margin columns last, since they contain the answer to the question. Also, because the contributions from readers like yourself (appearing on the right portion of these pages) are fascinating and help build the suspense.

Special thanks to all of you who commented and contributed "for print."

If this special issue of Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi is devoted to Dave Meltzer, why then are the next 750+lines focused on someone named Ron Lemieux? Read it and discover why, if Dave Meltzer is not God, he nevertheless wields almost Svengali-like power over some for whom wrestling seems more a way of life, or a life-style, rather than being a balanced part of it.

SUSHILAND, CA -- In the past when tragedy has struck the world of pro wrestling, events like loss of limbs (Mad Dog Vachon), para-sailing accidents (Brutus Beefcake), marital strife (Savage/Elizabeth), suicide (Chris & Kerry Von Erich), death of a legend (Andre the Giant), death of a foreign curse (Tojo Yamamoto), medical situations (Billy Graham's steroid abuse-related surgery, even the joyous birth of Cactus J's first child) deaths of Buzz Sawyer, Haystacks Calhoun, and Buddy Rogers, this sheet has usually tried to "honor" the "characters" involved by putting a pro wrestling type "spin" to the story, and more often than not, since pro wrestling can be both violently gross and at the same time hilariously uproarious, most of the "tributes" appearing in this sheet ran the gamut from disgustingly outlandish (Superstar's bad legs "amputated" so that he could return to the ring as a midget) to sublime (Buddy Rogers entering PRO WRESTLING HEAVEN where every fan and wrestler who ever lived--and died--spends eternity attending or participating in five-star matches promoted by Paul Boesch at the CLOUD NINE DOME.

When news reached us of the in-the-ring heart-attack death of Larry Cameron on 12/13 in Bremen, Germany, no Sushi "angle" came to mind, only the sad image of a 41-year-old wrestler losing consciousness in the corner of a ring far from home and far from his young daughter, of strangers in a foreign country trying to revive him, his body laying backstage for a long time before an ambulance came, a casket containing his old remains, awaiting money to be raised to bring him home.

There is nothing humorous in this. Just as there is nothing funny about another young man half a world away being rushed into the emergency wing of a hospital as the poison from a ruptured appendix is coursing through his blood and seeping into his stomach, an infection that will take 14 days of hospitalization, IV's, and a lot of medicine before the infection and a high fever are brought under control, but not before they rob its victim of stamina, strength, and weight.

Like with Larry Cameron, Wrestling Observer Newsletter editor Dave Meltzer's experiences (during November/December) also bring to mind certain visions. One that sticks with this writer took place a few days after Dave started feeling ill, on 11/13 at the AAA/IWC Lucha Libre show in San Jose, where our paths crossed a few times, outside when I was talking to John Arezzi, and ringside during the first part of the card where I had joined up with Ron Wood, his brother, and their friends who had driven over from the Central Valley. During especially violent matches generating incredible rudo heat for Eddie Guerrero and "Love Machine" Art Barr, Dave used his "anywhere" pass to move closer to the action where, like I mention elsewhere, fans were launching a steady stream of objects, beer, and soda. Just before I took off for safer, higher ground, I noticed Meltzer sitting alone with his stopwatch and notebook amidst the swirl of violence and falling debris, seemingly impervious to the flying bodies and junk foods that were tornadoing around him. But in that instant I also saw and thought something that was incongruent against the backdrop of the maelstrom. I know I'll get ribbed for this, because it's not of the usual Sushi macho-banzai mentality or hardcore wild-ass descriptive vein, but what I saw was a guy who was there alone on a Saturday night, a guy approaching his mid-thirties, a guy devoting a lot life to this sport and our reading entertainment, and I wondered then for Dave if he would ever have a son of his own, one who'd be waiting up some nights for his dad to come home. And, later, I started thinking about myself, and this sheet, and what it does, and where we all will be taking it (or it us) in 1994.

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MELTZER TRIBUTE, TOAST, ROAST, OR TRIBUNAL?

Friday, Dec. 17, 1993

Dear Ron Lemieux,

I just received Barry Rose's year-ending 30-page CHAIRSHOTS and saw that I took a big one from you.

Don't ask me why I'm not surprised. (Et tu, Lemieux?) But I'm not.

Ron, you have not called, have not responded to my messages, and neither have you written nor gotten in touch in a significant way since around the time you started folding your own sheet a year ago when you were in a lot of hurt and needed to talk with me as a friend because "the only real journalist in the newsletter business," as you call Dave Meltzer in CHAIRSHOTS, was ignoring you, wasn't plugging your sheet, and did the kiss of death number on your yearbook.

Nada, Ron. Makes me wonder about the letter I wrote you last Friday and if I had mailed it a month ago whether you would have replied or not to that one, too. Oh, well.

In the "Babyfaces and Heels" list you published in the year-end CHAIRSHOTS, you put me in pretty good company. Right up there with "Heels" like Sid, Arezzi, Mansfield, and almost anyone and anything having anything to do with the initials "WCW."

For being such an un-professional, like you obviously feel I am, I guess I should be honored that a tiny little "mudslinging" goader-sheet-editor like myself got more lines from you

Seasons' greetings, everyone!

Especially to the number one resident of Campbell-by-the-Sea, who, according to phone calls from many of you, was hospitalized recently and had to cancel a Japan trip because he got a hold of some "sushi" he couldn't stomach.

Funny stuff, guys. Really funny. As in NOT! (There is a line, you know, and sometimes you just shouldn't cross it. Especially when it comes to useless bodily organs!)

Actually, we here in Sushiland would like to think that Dave Meltzer of the Wrestling Observer Newsletter laughed so hard at the last issue of Son of Sushi--and became so excited about this upcoming special issue!--that he got stomach cramps from all the stress which, unfortunately, turned into a "small package" of brutal intestinal gas that, when it blew, performed a dangerous (though non-steroids-assisted) *quebara el tope* on his soy sauce laced, rice oil marinated, nachos encrusted, moonsalsa battered appendix!

Hey, better Dave's appendix (if that's what really happened) than the index fingers he uses to punch the keyboards attached to the computer which puts out the weekly sheet some of us would trade our wives, lives, and children for if we had to make the choice, which, come to think of it, is a choice most of us of us have already made, or would make in an instant if pressed!

Except, of course, for former Arena Report editor and now CHAIRSHOTS columnist Ron Lemieux, of Lake Mary, Florida, who (after dumping on me in his latest column) finally calls and tells me he thinks that pro wrestling really is only an "insignificant" part of our lives. I'm not sure why he said this but I think he meant that if a person works 8-hours a day, sleeps 8-hours a night, and confines his pro wrestling related tapes, phone calls, trips, column writing, phone calls, sheet-reading, television programs, and phone calls to the remaining 7½-hours in the day, it still leaves enough room in one's life for QUALITY time with the spouse and bambino s. (Talk about big time denial.)

More on Mister "Arena Rumbler" and his nasty little habit of rumor-mongering elsewhere in this ish. (Hey, Sushi is an Equal Opportunity Basher. Right?) "Wrestling is only an insignificant part of our lives!" he says. Excuse me a moment while I go outside and see if I can bust my own appendix from laughing so hard. By inference, the sucker also practically accuses me of being behind a campaign to send bogus letters and hit pieces to the Observer.

Hey, Lemieux, the reason I publish my own bulletin is so I can have my own sheet in which to print my own bogus letters and hit pieces, although, the truth be known (and I take great pride in this) all letters to the editor--and you'd have to be an idiot not to tell the difference between the satirical and real ones--that have ever appeared on the letters pages or elsewhere in this sheet, or its predecessors, have been and will continue to be written by readers who use their real names or the names they subscribe under, with only a few exceptions, like Butch Bigelow, The DKLA, etc. whose real names are known to me.

Personally, I feel if you have something to say, put your name to it and don't hide behind a mask. (Hell, even my 9½-year-old wrestling obsessed nephew Jubie Jay, my evil twin brudder Riki-Jack Hammeroyd, who changed his name and broke our mother's heart, Jubie's mother Attila the Nun, her son Jimmy Joe (who once published this sheet when it was called RING WORMS & ROLLER BABES), his sister Jessica Jo (the family slut), and her uncle Jersey "J" all agree with me 100% on this one!)

Which brings us to why we are all here today.

This special tribute, toast, roast, or tribunal for Dave Meltzer:

than you gave anyone else on your list, ten lines to be exact, three lines more than you awarded Meltzer "the utmost pro" as you hailed him "for staying out of the mudslinging that goes on in the sheets" (since, basically, he confines his mudslinging to the phone vs the bright f--king sunlight of truth in the sheets where really "cool" guys like you and me duke it out, eh?), and nine lines more than both that alleged steroids abuser Hogan or the indicted for pushing steroids McMahon, who were two of your, uh, "Babyface" picks.

The puzzler though, and where I'd like to think you will write a decent retraction or a straight-forward apology to me in your next CHAIRSHOTS column, is this "rumor" and innuendo shit you are spreading about me and Dr. Mike Lano "laying in bed" together on the bogus Carlos Rey letter that went to Dave.

First of all, Ronster, for me, when it comes to "laying in bed" with anyone, it's with babes. The female variety. They've always been my first through last choice, pal. Take it to the bank.

(As for who Lano "lays in bed" with, I'd suspect its this terrifically beautiful woman he introduced to Meltzer, Keller, Steve Sims, and me a couple years ago at the first big Hogan-Flair match called his wife.)

Secondly, I had nothing to do with the so-called "bogus" Carlos Rey

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The Man? The Myth? Friend to the End? Or whatever. And the answer to a question a lot of you seem to have on your minds lately regarding what seems to be a bit of "heat" between Jeff Mullins and Dave Meltzer.

Because so many letters and comments about Meltzer were sent in (not including a third of them which were marked "NOT FOR PRINT!") what was only intended to be a "section" of this issue pretty much dominates the whole thing.

So, without further delay, it's showtime in Sushiland! Or, if you will, HIGH NOON, time for the GUNFIGHT AT THE O.K. CORRAL? Or PEACE ON EARTH, GOODWILL TOWARD...RASSLIN BRUDDERS?!?

JEFF, WE DESERVE AN EXPLANATION!

When the f--- are you going to to quit screwing around and tell us the full story about the heat between you and Meltzer?

No more asides.

No more vague references.

As your readers (make that loyal readers) we deserve an explanation. Give us the full shit, okay?!

Dann Lennard

Lyrup, Australia

(September 29, 1993)

DAVE IS GOD!

My contribution to the MELTZER part of the X-mas issue: DAVE IS GOD!!! Many have tried to overthrow him, but he continues to be the "King of The Kayfabe". Letter after letter; word after word; sentence after sentence; paragraph after paragraph; issue after issue; week after week; and year after year - whether you like him or don't like him -he's the best going yesterday, today, or tomorrow. Nothing tops the OBSERVER in news, opinion, letters, and results when covering the wrestling world. Give the Meltzer bashing a rest - he can't be beat; not even by some black belt from Minnesota!!!

Brian Tramel

Steele, Mo

HE'S NOT GOD.

Personally, I don't see what all the fuss is about. Sure Dave is a great journalist, but he's not God. If you kick him in the nuts, he'll go down just like the rest of us. I think we should find some skeletons in his closet and nail his balls to the wall. What's good for McMahon is good for Meltzer! Maybe I'm the only one who feels this way.

Jeff Ng

TOTAL HEART BEAT

Sorry to say I am a big Meltzer fan. I think the Observer is tops and Dave keeps up with the total heart beat of wrestling. Continue to poke fun, but it would be a very sorry day if he were to leave the wrestling reporting scene.

Bob Mangano.

Novato, CA

[Ed. Note: I can't agree with you more. The thought of Dave Meltzer not covering the business and folding is an unsettling one. In fact, I've known that feeling, like when Jeff Zinger, Bill Kunkel, J.D. MacKay, Jon Gallagher, Brian Tramel, Vinnie Carolan, Adam Horowitz, Ross Blair, the anonymous Texas Roundup dude, Brian Tramel (again), Steve Beverly (the first time), Rodney Leighton (several times), myself (the first time), Ron Lemieux, Ron Lemieux (again), James Sullivan, The Atlanta Boys (DEC'93), Jeff Cohen (early in '94) and even Harvey Cobb (before he lost it) folded their sheets. Sad days, man. Wierd though, how someone always seems to come along and fill the void. But, yes, like the others, Dave would be greatly missed if he stopped publishing, too. Guess Sushi shouldn't pick on him so much, huh?]

letter. I only heard about the letter when Dave (the man who "doesn't bring up that kind of dirt in the Observer," as you describe him) mentioned it in, of all places, the Observer.

Nor do I have a clue as to who wrote the Rey letter or who sent it to Dave.

And guess what? In spite of some people in this business who think the "Meltzer bashing" is getting "old," (Bashing? Since when did telling the truth about things become "bashing" or "old?" I've only just begun, man!) my credibility, the fact that I know the difference between fact and fiction, and my habit of "goading" Meltzer upfront in my own sheet all these years, places me a million miles away from the loop containing whomever it was who wrote and sent Dave the bogus Carlos Rey letter, or any other suspicious letter or hit piece he printed in the 9/13/93

Observer (including the ones that follow the "Rey" letter which also talk about John Arezzi).

You say, Dave knows the "truth" about who sent him the Carlos Rey letter, but he is not going to "bring it up" in the Observer? Oh, yeah, I forgot, he doesn't do dirt.

(Psssst, Ron. This is gonna be good. Pay really close attention.)

If Dave knows the "truth" about the letter, then he knows I also had nothing to do with it, zip, and he's lied to you, or he's misled you, or he's letting you hang your ass out in print, as part of what? A feckless

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TEN 'REASONS' WHY MULLINS VS MELTZER IS...

Federal indictments of prominent wrestling czars on drug trafficking charges?

Complaints of statutory rape and sodomizing of underaged girls filed against burly, middle aged grapplers?

Juiced up maniacs stabbing each other 20 times with dull scissors? Who gives a rat's ass?! Certainly not me!

Not when the hottest story in wrestling at the moment is this sensational "Mullins vs Meltzer" feud which has been festering like an open sore on Magic Johnson's schlong. Many sheet readers are asking "Work or Shoot?" As for myself, knowing what a couple of hot heads these guys are, I'm thoroughly convinced that there is more actual heat between them than in the luxury condo in Hell currently being prepared for Michael Jackson. Here's my proof:

[Ed. Note: In an effort to spread out the following, so as not to numb your brain, and reduce the risk of death by stomach cramps from non-stop giggling, the headlines after the first one can be blamed on the editor as well as some minor copy changes made to preserve what's left of the dignity of the parties involved.--Jeff Mullins]

TOP TEN REASONS WHY "MULLINS vs MELTZER" IS A SHOOT

10. Somewhere between Jason Hervo and Hawk, Jeff Mullins bribed blonde WCW manager, Missy Hyatt, with a phoney GED diploma in exchange for her abrupt dumping of star struck Dave Meltzer. Much to Mullins' dismay, the ditzy, bubble-headed broad immediately fell into the waiting arms of Rodney Leighton--The Prince of Pugwash, who charmed the panties off of her with his rugged good looks and musky scent. (To be continued...)

Butch Bigelow
Dwarf, KY

GREAT HUMAN BEING?

Dave Meltzer has created a product of consistent quality that has changed the way thousands of people view the wrestling business. Through his influence and the publicity generated, risky steroid abuse in the business has decreased significantly and various scandals have filtered into the mainstream press.

For his efforts and dedication, Mr. Meltzer has garnered great praise and financial success. This is unquestionably deserved. My question, however, is the same I would ask of any "celebrity", who is blessed with a talent that has paid off handsomely. Exactly what has he given back monetarily to the business that has helped him earn a healthy income? Also, what has he given back to charitable organizations in general? Does this great sheet editor also fall under the category of great human being?

When fans "worship" an athlete/writer/actor/singer/musician etc. I always ponder if their adoration for the person should instead be relegated to their talents. Such may or may not be the case with Dave Meltzer.

Evan Ginsberg
Editor, Wrestling Then & Now

ENJOYS BASHING

Enjoyed the Meltzer bashing issue. Keep up the good work. Here's some more \$ and S.A.S.E.'s.

Boyce Johansen,
Arvada, CO

WHAT MELTZER MEANS TO ME

⑤

effort to discredit bottom-feeding scum like me and trivialize the big threat Sushi poses to his agenda? Dave is a "Babyface?" A guy who would directly encourage or indirectly motivate you to become his dog of war and send you into battle armed only with shit for bullets while he hides incommunicato in Campbell-by-the-Sea?

What's really worse, since you mentioned the word "worse", is if you never ran your shoot comments by Dave, and, instead, you wrote them without thinking of the consequences if you were wrong, which you are, and you know what that makes you, Ron?

No...now that you have bravely "spilled your guts" (our hero!) it does not automatically make you "Jeff Mullins' new target taking Lance Levine's place."

Hey, I've got news for you, and for that self-serving jelly bean Lance Levine of Chi-town, Illinois, there can never be another YELLOW-BELLIED NIGARD as qualified as Lance, especially now, since Florida has its own (Ta-ta!) LAKE MARY TRUTH FAIRY, who flies around in his ARENA RAMBO-MOBILE sprinkling everyone with oxymorons like "I don't mean to ruffle any feathers, but I'm just being brutally honest." (How about brutally ignorant?!)

Yo, RAMBLING MAN! You want crucifixion? You want brutal honesty? I'll give you both.

Last year, Dave Meltzer intentionally buried your ass and your Arena Report Yearbook (and AR, too, when you

Dave Meltzer is one of those people in the know. At least, that's what J.J. Dillon told me once. My introduction to the sheet scene was a welcome relief from setting an alarm for 3 A.M. on Sunday mornings to tape Rich "the Shill" Mancuso on Jody MacDonald's WFAN latenight radio show. Meltzer's appearances put Mancuso in his place -- as a guy who knew nothing if he didn't get his copies of the *Observer*, *Torch*, and *Arena Report* before he went on the air. I have often told the story of how, in ultimate fanboy style, Mancuso repeatedly told MacDonald *every week for a year* that Sting was WWF-bound.

But I digress. Dave was a guest one week and I finally broke down and ordered a sample -- for one measly dollar -- of his *Observer*. I still have the issue. What an invitation to another world. It was the May 1, 1989 edition. The main editorial centered on the May sweeps and scandals. In rereading the piece, I am still struck by the truisms. Meltzer talked about how the NWA, owned by Turner, would almost never strike a network deal (like Titan) because of good ol' Ted.

In short, I blew a gasket and subscribed. I missed the next week but my sub started in time for the 5/15 issue, with the wrapup of *WrestleWar '89*. You remember that card... Butch Reed vs. Ranger Ross and Dick Murdoch vs. Bob Orton. Sorry, I mean the main event of Ric Flair beating Ricky Steamboat for the NWA title, then Terry Funk suckering Flair to set up their out-of-the-blue feud. I didn't see that show for several months, due to my cable company not carrying all wrestling PPVs at that point. But I couldn't wait to see it, and a lot of that stemmed from Dave's enthusiasm.

After ~~four~~ four-and-a-half years, a lot of HGH has trickled under the bridge. Meltzer's views sometimes seem increasingly jaded, as he regresses into a celebration of big guys chopping at each other (Williams vs. Choshu *ad nauseum*) or 150-pound luchadores doing endless topos. Dave may have lost faith in the U.S. scene because he has access to the entire world. I don't. That is the difference between a hobby and a livelihood, and that is what has created this void separating myself and the Meltz.

I used to feel as if reading the *Observer*, it was a fan's view for other fans. Sure, it covered remote territories and the rest of the world, but hell, we had some exciting stuff going on in the States. Stuff that I could view every week myself. That's no longer the case, and although no fault of Dave's, the schism is reflected every week in the *Observer*. The truly interesting American product is outside the ring -- Dusty and his bad boys in Atlanta, pulling the wool over Turner's guy's eyes, and Vince buying more bottles of hair dye as his locks go white as the Fed deals with the Feds.

My weekend is not complete if the *Observer* has not arrived. But more often than not, I find myself looking at the front piece, checking who wrote the letters (or if my sheet got plugged), and then tossing it onto my bag to bring to work on Monday. Why? Because nine out of 10 times, whatever is being covered is something I won't be viewing. Japanese tag team tourney results ("Ted DiBiase isn't his old self") to SMW FanWeeks ("Someone did a shoot interview mentioning hardcores by name"). Hell, I can't blame Dave for covering this stuff -- it's the news of the industry. But my lack of exposure dampens my zeal.

I've seen the Japanese and SMW and Mexican stuff. I like some of it, in moderation. Six hours a week I don't need. If Ron Skoler pulls together that 2/21 luche

come right down to it)
and, when AR folded, he
kissed you off with a
three-word obituary in
the Observer for reasons
which you've never been
able to figure out
because you are blind and
deaf to reality, fearful
of becoming your own man,
and afraid to cut the
umbilicus between Florida
and Campbell-by-the-Sea.

And, since I give
Dave more credit for
brains, I doubt you ran
your shoot by him,
because (and you just
know there was a little
worm inside your head
trying to warn you not to
shoot the way you did
without the facts) he
knows that I can take
what you wrote and ram it
up his ass sixteen ways
between here and Sunday.

In fact, if he's not
just a little bit
embarrassed and
disheartened (and
alarmed) by what you
actually wrote and what's
going on in the minds of
hardcores and the
"mainstream" types who
are reading this right
now, then he is a bigger
fool than my little 9½
year old nephew Jubie Jay
has ever made him out to
be.

At this point,
because it is so ironic
and germane, I bring up
what you wrote about Arn
Anderson:

"If there were no eye
witnesses, how come
everyone thinks Sid was
in the wrong?"

Well, well. A bit of
objectivity, a bit of
brains, a bit of
credibility. A brief
flash of the Ron Lemieux
we all once knew, a bit
shaggy on the edges,
perhaps, but still
possessing a sliver of
the stuff that made him,
you Ron (not Steve

⑥

show in New York, I'm going if it's anywhere near me. The key word is moderation.

Meltzer seems like a nice guy, the few times I've come into contact with him. He even handed a couple of bucks to those midget ex-wrestlers when they hobbled up to him and looked him straight in the eye (Dave had to climb on a chair first). He does his job, and I read about it. And make no bones about it, Meltzer is the industry watchdog. If I was a fan of the airlines, I'd be reading Ralph Nader's reports with the same intensity.

I wish Dave the best. I hope the *Observer* manages to stay an even course through this down cycle in the business. I have friends who used to be hardcore who are now casual fans, and they continue their subscriptions to the *Observer*. When I ask why, they say the same thing: "I don't want to miss anything." And that's what Dave does best -- he doesn't miss anything.

Er... except my correct address. Since the first issue of my subscription, it's been listed as "Shelly Lane." It isn't. It's "Shelley." Oh well. I forgave Wade for "Brutis."

Jeff Cohen

Editor, Fantasy Federation

THAT JELLY BEAN!

I'm looking forward to the Dave Meltzer tribute issue. However, I feel it's only fair if you warn Dave (that Jelly Bean!) to call his mother!

Dave is the Big Bully Busich of wrestling newsletter writers. I've seen him in action and he is the King of Peer Pressure, as some people actually live and die on his reactions and analysis. It's the type of peer pressure that was probably groomed and can still be found at CHS--Campbell-by-the-Sea High School.

Dave, you're damn good at what you do, but everything has to be kept in perspective--this isn't cancer research we're viewing. Remember, even clean pinfalls are screw-job endings. Professional wrestling is fake. Seasons beatings!

Steven R. Meyers
San Rafael, CA

HE'S THE REASON ... FOR ... MY MESSED UP LIFE!

Hell, I'm not too proud to admit it. Meltzer, via the now defunct NATIONAL SPORTS DAILY is the reason I got involved with this wonderfully wacko newsletter schtick to begin with, and the man's journalistic endeavors are second to absolutely no one's. For this intrusion and alteration of my thoroughly messed-up life, I don't know whether to shake Dave's hand for the privilege of accepting my subscription, or shove him down and stomp his balls flat for his role in f-----g with my head!

Matt Creamer
Oshkosh, WI

[Ed. Note: I'll bet most of us hardcores are just like you, Matt. We take, take, take from Dave but we never really take the time thank him for how he has contributed to our lives. Go ahead, thank him. Personally, the shoving and stomping the balls flat method of thanks seems appropriate from this perspective.]

9th TOP REASON "MULLINS vs MELTZER" IS A SHOOT

In a recent interview, Mullins referred to Meltzer as an "enigma." Meltzer got upset, thinking Mullins was insulting his golden "California Surfer Dude" tan. (From Butch Bigelow)

AWARD WINNING WRESTLING OBITUARIES ⑦

Beverly, not Wade Keller, not Alex Marvez, but you, Ron Lemieux), the only other person in the underground who could have ever successfully competed with Dave for the heart and soul of the wrestling hardcore. And you still don't get it, do you, pal?

You want to see "hurt?" Look into the mirror, look into your eyes, look into your soul, man. I'll bet you don't even recognize it anymore, seeing as how you are so busy kissing a certain individual's ass when sometimes you should be kicking it.

Here I am publishing one of the few major mid-level sheets left in the underground; the ONLY sheet whose editor (like Dave when he's chasing McMahon) makes it part of his journalistic mission to take Meltzer on, head on, and via brutal satire, when he deserves it (without apology and without worrying if it's going to offend the delicate sensitivities of someone who nets more than \$150,000 a year covering an insensitive sport); the only sheet out there which Dave has not mentioned nor plugged for the entire year since Sushi has returned (Oh, yeah, I forgot, he doesn't do dirty laundry in the Observer, especially when it might reveal some of his own).

And here I am putting out this special issue which, while it certainly can't compete with Barry's year-ending CHAIRSHOTS #16, and while it can't hold a candle to the yearbook you put out last year, it nevertheless is a unique

Is the heat between Jeff & Dave a shoot or a work?

Hell, yes, it's a shoot! Listen, I've got the REAL STORY behind Jeff & Dave. I heard it from a hardcore who heard it from a hardcore who heard it from a hardcore and you know how us hardcores can keep a factual story in perspective.

It seems during their San Jose State days Dave's girlfriend, Heather Locklear, left Dave for Jeff. It seems Dave spent too much time writing award winning wrestling obituaries instead of burying the "J" (J is for Johnson, Johnson is a "nice" word for d--k). I also heard that years after this incident Dave called Jeff to forgive him. Jeff asked Dave if he wanted to talk about his "favorite wrestler." Dave asked, "Who's that?" Jeff shouted, "Deeez Nuuts!" Dave hasn't spoken to Jeff since, and probably never will.

A nice note on the last story. Jeff gave permission to his prize-winning pupil, Snoop Doggie Dog, to use Jeff's coined phrase "Deeez Nuuts" in a rap song and the rest is history.

Richard Stafford
Jacksonville, FL

[Ed. Note: Ahem. Would Dave Meltzer ever print anything as gross, as disgusting, or as non-steroids-and-non-results-oriented as the above in the Observer? Yeah, sure. ("Deeez Nuuts" my ass.) It's people like you, Stafford, who give pro wrestling and members of the underground a bad name among the ranks of "mainstream" media, like the folks at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, who, after reading something like what you just contributed, give the McMahon indictments only a couple of inches and then pledge never to cover graps again. You are a baaad maaan, Wichurd Staffawed! Vair-wee, vair-wee baaad, indeed! If I honed a Booga King Westuurwant and ewe begged me four hay job, I wooden't higher ewe to spit ketchup on a Woppah! Peepul like ewe an Michael Jackson dezurve to have yer "Johnsons" whacked off! "Deeez Nuuts," indeed.]

TIRED OF ALL THE MELTZER BASHING...

I did not renew Sushi for a while for (several) reasons: I was tired of all the Meltzer bashing. I like the guy and respect him and it didn't seem funny anymore. I basically get sick of all the jealousy that goes on between fans. I did not write either, because I was getting the feeling that people were getting sick of seeing my name.

I understand how Klone feels (not being printed in the Observer.) Dave only prints about 25% of what I send him. (Sometimes, I feel like I only get published on weeks when Robert Solari II has writer's block.) But I understand.

The Observer's letters pages are no longer a space for fans. Most of it is important stuff about topics Dave feels are important that week. A lot of the letters are now from insiders. All I've got are opinions and if they are not printable it's okay with me.

Funny, early in the year, I sent Dave a letter on how All Japan worked. I waited at least two months without seeing it in print. I liked the piece and thought it deserved to be printed, so I made a few changes and sent it to the Torch. The next week my All Japan letter showed up in the Observer (mixed with another letter I had recently written.) The funny part? What was printed in the Observer was the version I had sent to the Torch.

Steve "Rising Son" Yohe
Montebello, CA

[Ed. Note: Now that is funny. Or are you working me? If this is a shoot, Steve, about the All Japan letter that bounded off the ropes between Mini-Apple-Less and Campbell-by-the-Sea, that's news. I know Dave has your phone number. If he calls, let me know how he explained that one. Or have you been staying out late nights at the Suplex Bar & Grill and can't remember to whom you're mailing what?]

idea for a year-ending special and, before you've even seen it, you go out of your way to bury it!

Ron, I've just got to ask myself, why? Why would Ron Lemieux get so pre-maturely ejaculative over Sushi's special issue on Meltzer that he would want to pull the trigger on Sushi even before the special issue dropped it pants?

Why would a fellow hardcore and former sheet editor, who knows full well what it's like to work hours and hours putting together a special issue, do everything he could to essentially discourage readers of CHAIRSHOTS from giving the Sushi year-ender a look? Why would he do it?

What does he have to gain from doing a shoot on a little sheet and it's editor who won't net \$150,000 in ten lifetimes doing this thing?

Wellll, Ron, let's take a look.

1) Last year, when Meltzer abandoned you for some reason that no one outside of Sushiland could fathom, did Mullins turn on you, too? No!

2) When you were going nuts from agony wondering why Dave wasn't pushing your efforts (like he was busy pushing Keller's and John Arezzi's), for what it's worth did Mullins let you down plug-wise? No!

3) Earlier this year, when you decided to come out for a while with a shorter version of AR, was it Meltzer who you thanked in print for the ideas about using SASE's and for suggesting that you call your new sheet "Arena Ramblings?" No!

4) When you wrote

⑧

8th TOP REASON "MULLINS vs MELTZER" IS A SHOOT-OUT

Both Mullins and Meltzer are involved in long distance love letter writing campaigns, each vying for the affection of the incarcerated Amy Fisher. The crafty Amy is holding out for the best discount on newsletter subscriptions. Meltzer seems to be winning this bidding war-- volume, volume, volume! "That dreamy Dave Meltzer doesn't even ask for SASE's!" Fisher swooned. (From Bigelow Butch)

GREATEST WRESTLING FAN ALIVE!

Enjoyed the latest "LET'S BASH MELTZER"...errrr, Son of Soosh. (It wasn't quite as good as the last issue, but I enjoyed it. Got a few laughs.)

That item about Meltzer pushing high risk moves was probably a shoot. It was very truthful, though, and hard hitting. No doubt it will generate you all sorts of shit. Me? I think I agree with you, although I have to admit to loving the high risk stuff myself.

As for Dave and WON: I think Dave is the greatest wrestling fan alive. Who else (except maybe Ron Lemieux) would sit through hours of excruciatingly boring squash matches? I'm happy to get my second hand copies of WON, but I wouldn't pay for them even if I had the money. Ain't near the sheet it was four or five years ago. Then again, neither is the business.

Rodney Leighton

Pugwash, Nova Scotia

[Ed. Note: "Hot Rod" Leighton, as he was affectionately known in the late-80's (before he mellowed and got out of the sheet biz) put out THE LEIGHTON LOOK, an often witty, often fiendishly feudish combo grap & review zine. His "sheet" war with then Arena Report editor R. Lemieux was one of the nastiest underground battles this side of a Nasty Boy's arm pit. For a Canadian, and for one whose farm is so remote his phone number is 961-Tom-Tom, he's still one of the few people in the underground who sees the big picture yet never loses sight of the little things which also make graps such humorous fun. As for getting cable or satilite in Pugwash, Rod enjoys PPV's (although they arrive a bit late and the reception is rather cloudy) via the region's Smoke Signal Cablevision Network. When live cards come to Rod's town, the promoter sells real (not those foam rubber) axe-handles at the concessions stand and books the only Lumber Jack matches where fans are required to get involved, or get kicked out of the building! Next time anyone complains about the grap scene here in the USA, just think of what it means to be a hardcore fan in a rugged river-town where battle royals during sub-freezing winter nights are held on ice flows as fans run alongside on the banks yelling and shining flashlights into the eyes of wrestlers they want to see lose via COR (Counted Out of the River!) Bless ya, Rodman. Hang in there, pal.]

THE HIGHLIGHT OF MY WEEK!

I really can't say anything bad about Dave Meltzer because, personally, I don't know him. As for Dave the sheet editor, the Observer is always the highlight of the week's mail. Anytime it arrives damaged, replacement is promptly sent. Whenever I've requested a plug on the Reader's Pages, it always appears in the next available issue. The information is the most accurate and almost always the most timely of any sheet going. As for legit heat between yourself and Meltzer-san, I must have missed something.

Andy King

Middletown, NY

SCUMMY SLOP OF WRETCHED EXCESS!

(9)

that little shoot comment a while back about some people getting on Dave for being chintzy with plugs for other sheets (you of all people standing on a street corner and defending Meltzer's plug policy!), did I fry your ass in Sushi for buttering up Dave's? Did I send a hit piece to CHAIRSHOTS nailing you for having a memory loss? Did I mail the letter I actually wrote to you a couple months back which is in my computer right now, a letter which I never sent because I figured you were still recovering from the aftermath of folding AR and you were still trying to sort things out. No!

So, I ask, what does Ron hope to gain by shooting on Jeff versus maybe giving Jeff and his f--king little sheet a little boost instead of a burial?

And then I ask, who's Ron trying to score points with, and what's Ron's objective, when Ron nominates for sainthood someone who turned on him a year ago when he needed encouragement, and then, at the same time, when Ron suddenly comes from out of left field and crucifies with every dirty trick in the book someone like me who has been a friend to the end simply because down deep I think you are worth it, eh, Ron?

I mean, what's the deal? Is Meltzer the source for 98% of all the "hot news" you print in your column? If he is, then I guess it doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out the answers to my questions? Or are

Cursed is he who is Meltzer, a bloated swine gruffling at the trough of greed, filling his gaping maw with the scummy slop of wretched excess. Relishing in his ill-gotten power over the wrestling world and ability to make or break its young, underappreciated proletariat workers based on their willingness to maim themselves tope-ing for his approval, then bedding down with rat bastard Jim Herd and his fellow 900-number weasels, selling his body and mind and turning tricks as their willing corporate whore. His bourgeois blight scars the soul of the sport of wrestling, and shames honest forthright sheet editors. Blessed is he who is Mullins, a revered avenging angel of all that is deviant and deliciously bizarre, and beloved caretaker of wrestling's real first family: Riki-Jack Hammeroyd & The Jubester Jay. Righteous and noble is Mullins in his campaign to roast Meltzer's chestnuts and strike a blow for free & original thought. We of the Dead Kennedys Liberation Army (DKLA) proudly support the noble Warrior Mullins and his gallant mission. Excelsior! And by the way, the DKLA demands to know: W-h-y hasn't Meltzer made mention of the Cutie Suzuki-Mayumi Ozaki videotaped, er, liason? How dare Dave ignore this, the most noteworthy and important wrestling event of the decade? Why didn't he cover it in the detail it deserves? Second by second...moan by moan...lick by lick!

D.H. Peligro

Dead Kennedys Liberation Army

HE THREW AN OBSERVER AT ME!

Well, here's a few thoughts about Meltzer.

Dave is nice to 99.9% of the people I've seen him come in contact with, which isn't very many, because I myself have only talked to him three times: Baltimore '90, Tampa '91, and Greensboro '90. I can say this and mean it, when I last saw him, he called me by name.

The first time I met Dave, I wore my Jimmy Garvin t-shirt into his Fairfield Inn hotel room in Greensboro. After the introductions, he saw my shirt and threw an Observer at me! I was honored. But really, Dave is just an ordinary person that gets the target on his buns because he's in the hardcore eye so much (like Wade Keller, Ron Lemieux, Harvey Cobb, etc.)

Oh, thinking about B-more '90, this thing Son of Sushi has with Dave has got to be a work! Who else but Jeff Mullins could make Ron think an actual fight between hardcores was about to commence besides Jeff and John McAdam?

Darrell Dickens

Asheboro, NC

[Ed. Note: No doubt about it Double D. Dave Meltzer can be a heck of a nice guy. I've seen that side of him and it's cool. Not sure about the ordinary part, though. He's blessed with a photographic memory, sub-24-inch pythons which he swears are not steroid assisted (and I have no reason to believe otherwise), and he has an affable charisma that fills any room he's in. However, it would have been interesting, I'd say, to see what he would have thrown at you, if anything besides a blank look, had you walked into his hotel room wearing a t-shirt with Jubie Jay's smiling little kisser on it. Like most of us, there are many sides to Dave Meltzer. Sounds like you've seen all the good ones.]

7th TOP REASON "MULLINS vs MELTZER" IS A SHOOTSKI

Mullins claims to have in his possession photos taken of Meltzer in the hot tub at Michael Jackson's palatial "Neverland" estate. "I was fully dressed in a pool attendant's uniform and, besides, Michael wasn't there" Meltzer claims, asserting that that part-time job is behind him now, although on occasion he still likes to dress up like Liz Taylor in "National Velvet," the scene where she mud-wrestles a youthful Haystacks Calhoun who had a bit part in the famous film. (From Big Butch Low)

you and Meltzer "in bed," so to speak? Jeez.

Now, after all of the above, and after all that has been said and done, I know this will sound odd, especially in light of how you potato'd me in CHAIRSHOTS without even calling first to confirm with me or accuse me of some of the crap you wrote. But I love you, Ron.

Inspite of all the shit going down, I still love you. Like a brudder. Sort of like Bret Hart still love's his little brudder Owen, who, even though Owen is being a shitty little snot right now, well, a brudder is a brudder is a brudder.

But, no, I'm not going to turn my cheek when you shoot on me, Ron. Unlike Bret (and unlike that pillar of journalistic integrity who hides behind the safety of a phone and lets others fight his battles in other sheets for him, since his own sheet is such a citadel of purity), and being the mudslinger I am, I fire back, brudder or not...

Ed. Note: Like it says several pages back, I started writing this letter on Friday. When I got to this point here, I stopped, because it was getting late and, anyway, I still had a double issue of this MELTZER thing to put together and mail out sometime before 1994. Saturday came and went, and then Sunday morning arrived when I got a phone call from, of all people, yeah, Ron Lemieux.

Ron had received the letter I had written to him last week. My letter and his stuff in CHAIRSHOTS had passed in

(10)

'DAVE + WON HAVE CREATED DOMESTIC PROBLEMS FOR ME!'

Dave Meltzers' Wrestling Observer has had a very adverse effect on my life. Whatever level of weekend work productivity I had prior to 1984 has been cut in half because of the Observer. "I will get to that job after the mail comes and I read the Observer", or I will be an hour late because my mail is late and I have to read the Observer" are becoming all too familiar refrains from me. The time I waste waiting for the mail to arrive in Saturday is compounded when Daves' WO is late and does not arrive until Monday. Monday is the day my postman celebrates the start of the work week with a half pint of booze so my mail and the late WO does not arrive until twilight at the earliest which really throws my schedule off. Before Dave and his WO I could usually take part in celebrating those Monday no mail psuedo holidays like Presidents and Martin Luther King Days. Now I just consider those days another day with no mail and late WOs not showing up until Tuesday which throws my schedule off even further. Sometimes I think Dave has a Doink like perverse mean streak because every six weeks he teases with an early Friday WO delivery which has me rushing home early on Fridays hoping the WO will come early again and I won't have to sit around Saturday waiting for it. Since Dave has made me a hard core wrestling fan, I do not wear mismatched shades of Cardinal red all summer like the baseball crazies here so I am no longer considered a true St. Louisan.

Another way Dave and his WO have created domestic problems for me is I am continually sneaking away for PPVs, reunions and get togethers all over the country that Dave makes mention of. I try to cover my absence from home for wrestling trips by saying "I am picking up friends at an airport" but never mention which airport.

The jury is still out on whether NAFTA will hurt the productivity of the nation. but I can say for sure that since I became a Meltzerite my personal productivity has gone south.

Harry White
St. Louis, Mo

IGNORANT PAPA SHANGO LOOK-A-LIKE UNDERTAKER

We here on the farm love reading the big words in Sushi, 75% of which are found in Webster's. Meltzer's words are just that, not even. They are unlisted, and I spend my \$, but do not understand what in Sam Hell he's trying to spit out all over his sheets. He is the most ignorant Papa Shango look-a-like Undertaker in the world. He owes me two issues. (I did the unheard of. I sent \$9.00 for a sub. Of course I was unaware his subs come in 4's and only 4's. If you send \$, he won't start the sub 'til the next "set." He won't start it in the midst of a set, God forbid! When I told him how I felt about this, you know what he did? He sent me two back issues that I already had. Duh? And they arrived the same day, disregarding my note to send the "next" two

If you really do know Dave, do me a favor and give him the following Christmas gift, from your local grocery store, a roll of extra wide toilet paper for a big ---!

Chenango Valley Farms
West Haverstraw, NY

the mail.

At this point, for a number of reasons, not the least of which is the deadline for this issue staring me in the face, I can't really get into the phone conversation Ron and I had. Maybe some other time. And I think I'll end this piece here, too, and continue it later, down the road if anyone is interested.

For what it's worth, though, my last words to one of my oldest friends in the wrestling underground, before we hung up, were, "Ron, I wish people didn't feel they always had to make decisions between Dave and me." And "No matter what's going down between Meltzer and me, and regardless of what you wrote about me in CHAIRSHOTS, I still like you and care about you like a brudder."

(Hey, gimme a break. Unlike in print, it's hard to tell a guy that you "love" him over the phone, even if it is, like, you know, only "brudderly" love.)

For the record, Ron was quiet for a long moment after I professed by brudderly feelings for him, even though he'd dumped on me. I'm not sure if he was choked up, since more or less I was forgiving him, or if he was just uncomfortable with the New Age way real men thumb their noses at convention and open the door for other healthy male bonding experiences to go along with driving to wrestling matches together, playing tackle football, going to strip joints, or riding canoes down wild rivers like the

6th TOP REASON "MULLINS vs MELTZER" IS A SKEET SHOOT

After Mullins mentioned in passing that he had a thing for wild, sleazy bimbos who knew their way around a ring, Meltzer set him up on a blind date with Dump Matsumoto. Needless to say, Mullins did not appreciate this gesture since he was thinking of Tammy Fytch of SMW when he made the comment. At least Dave was close, with both of them being women. (From Bitchello Bug)

I HAVE TO GO TO THE POST OFFICE!

Regarding Dave Meltzer, well, let me put it this way.

I've just renewed one of several sheets to which I subscribe. I enjoy reading it, but, I do not anticipate its arrival in my mail box. Nor do I plan my schedule around it. I cannot say the same, however, about (Ta-da!) Meltzer's sheet!!

Here it is Saturday morning, cold outside, comfortable inside, and I have to go to the post office, have got to get my weekly "Observer fix," and if it has not arrived, I'll drive to the P.O. Box again, Monday, to keep checking until I've got it, and, depending on the time of day/weather conditions, etc., I may just undo that staple in the post office lobby, or in my auto, to check the lead article (A.K.A.--the "major" news story!) Why?!? Because I enjoy Dave's writing style, information, and the time he saves me. (I do not have to watch the WCW garbage at all.)

No complaints, no cuts from me. Dave is O.K. in my book and well worth the money. Hey, he gets a Christmas card from me!! What more can I say!?! (P.S. Is it a "shoot"???)

William Burnett
Mempho, TN

[Ed. Note: Whom among us has not had that feeling, waiting for the mail to arrive? And when the Observer doesn't come as expected, the unsettled feeling that all is not right in the world. Sort of a nicotine fit, huh? Sort of like a gambler on the way to Vegas when the bus breaks down? Sort of like a drug addict surrounded by nuns! Sort of like being a pit bull on a short leash when a herd of rabbits stroll by!! Sort of like. You wonder. Does Dave know this. And does he sometimes mail it out a day late just to feel the cosmic energy generated by thousands of hardcores with the jitters?! Or does he do it by regions? "Welllll! Time to f--- with the south this month! That Burnett guy and his wierd envelopes!"]

ARE YOU WAITING?

Are you waiting for that return phone call or FAX? If you don't have something Dave needs, keep waiting.

In WON #1, Dave wrote, "This will not be a results oriented bulletin." It's now 30% results. It's a work.

When Konnan was using WON to rip EMLL and Vampiro, I faxed Dave that Ian (Vampiro) would be at my house and was available to interview and refute. No response.

Dave's (and Wade Keller's) non-reporting of the Muchnick tribute...?

Dave gets all the tapes. His sources must remain "Top Secret."
John Arezzi? Why his infatuation with "The Double Elvis?"

Bob Barnett
Santa Monica, CA

5th TOP REASON "MULLMAN vs MELTZA" IS A SHOOT

A heartbroken Mullins blamed Meltzer for somehow being responsible for the messy divorce of Burt and Loni. An equally distressed Dave countered by blaming Jeff for breaking up Ted and Whoopie. But who will summon the courage to claim responsibility for Tom and Roseanne's marital bliss? (From de Butchmiester)

one in the movie
DELIVERANCE.

Hey, guys, I got news for you. Ask any shrink what deep psychological motives are lurking behind a bunch of guys who participate in this thing we call a wrestling underground with its sheets, and tape-trading, and get-togethers, and long distance phone calls, and letters or column writing, etc.

It's called "male bonding" men. And no, it's not a gay thing, nor does it mean you're a homosexual. It's a g-u-y thing. Pure and simple.

Women know what I'm talking about. Go ahead, ask one. Women have been bonding openly and with little self-consciousness or fanfare in their own way for eons. And that's probably why some of the ones who are married to some of you tolerate your "wrestling thing" because they understand that part of it is a male bonding thing even if you don't get it yet.

I know, I should go on for another several pages kicking Ron's butt for what he did, but I'm done with it for now. Sort of.

Which reminds me. Do you think those real life brudders Bret and Owen Hart will ever meet in the ring?

I mean, with a guy like Vince McMahon conducting those warm, sincere, comforting interviews with the Hart Brudders, you just know Vince is trying to get them to patch things up behind the scenes and that this isn't really some long, carefully plotted, and well drawn-out program that will climax with Bret and Owen

FIVE THUMBS UP!

(12)

Re' D.M.: As I kid, I loved midgets (still do), giants and angels (Super Swedish) and Dutch Rhode. A perverse pleasure in a wrestling world populated by even more perverse individuals: roid freaks, foot fetish-ism, guys doing the Chuck Berry thing (I was once a federal prison M.D.), drug users and traffickers, self-mutilators, adulterers, taking a dump in a "crown," throwing fire, and chasing midgets through hallways for sex. You get the idea.

Five thumbs up for the master of the perverse, Mr. David Meltzer, for his weekly roadmap of my sick world.

Dick Siegel
Hewlett Harbor, NY

ONE PROBLEM!

Whereas Dave Meltzer has done a tremendous job in my 5½ years of subscribing, I have one problem with the Observer. Other than it being filled with millions of useless results, Dave has stopped telling us all the grap crap.

The only personal thing about wrestlers he talks about these days is the Randy Savage/Elizebeth divorce. He used to tell us when a wrestler had hemorrhoids. Well, maybe not taht graphic, but he used to keep us informed of their personal lives. All we know now is why they were arrested, when they died, when they lied on TV, and more results.

My advice to Dave is to drop the results, make WON an 8-page sheet and save a piece of paper, and quit working the readers. Give us the real poop or rename the sheet the "Wrestling Observer with One Eye Shut Newsletter" because I feel like I'm only getting half the news I used to get.

Bobby R. Yates
Randleman, NC

[Ed. note: Bobby Yates writes a regular column for Outside Interference. He, Todd Stutts, Darrell Dickens, and Chuckinski-the-Wrestling-Poet were the founding members of "Dudes with Shiite Attitudes," the Southern-based underground hardcore-terrorist-wrestling-fans organization which has currently disbanded because of the sad state of pro wrestling in America. The group was formed in 1990 in Baltimore, MD, during the infamous WCW "Baltimore Bash" weekend which remains to this day the most ultimate hardcore-fan gathering in the history of the underground. I say this with a straight face (and from the bottom of my heart), one of the proudest moments of my life was when these Southern born, Southern bred gentlemen made me, a Yankee from the West Coast, an honorary member of the Dudes. A tear, a sigh, a salute for the passing of this venerable organization. May it one day rise again, Phoenix-like from its ashes, on the day pro wrestling--as it's really meant to be!--returns across our land.]

THE WORLD NEEDS TO KNOW!

Ah, the heat between Meltzer and SUSHI is so great I could roast marshmallows upon it using the stick that Dave wants your head on, Jeff. The darn thing about it is Dave is a fine writer and more balanced on the issues than some of the newsletter editors. Yet, just so he doesn't get to big for his work out pants, you need to keep dishing out the SUSHI on both him and his non-reporting of some of the big issues. Like: Who is Missy Hyatt's plastic surgeon? What John Arrezi had to do to get on any 900 # and why Pat Patterson had such a sly smile on his face as he full nelsoned Jerry Lawler in Memphis. The world needs to know.

Wade Ratliff
Blanchard, OK

ON PAR WITH BRUISER BRODY EULOGY

(13)

going toe-to-toe in the "Battle of the Brudders" main event at at WrestleMania X.

Hey, Ron, maybe you and Dave and I should go talk with Vince.

I can just see it now. You and Dave on one side of that table they always use for contract signings, Vince and me on the other side, Vince holding the microphone, talking in that caring, concerned, priest-like-father-confessor voice he uses when he's trying to help the Hart Brudders resolve their differences.

Yes, I can just hear Vince as he outlines the steps the four of us could take to settle our own brawl once and for all.

"Gentlemen, brudders, alleged ass-kissers and columnists for that crap-rag of a sheet from Florida, rumored bogus letters-to-the-editor writers, God-like editors who keep harping on a guy who never did not say what he reportedly said he never said, and promoters who never lied on Arsenio, it's finally come down to this.

"A Texas Parking Lot-Falls Count Anywhere in a Concession Stand Full of of Broken Glass-Scissors, Word Processors, and VCR's as Weapons-Barbed Wire-wrapped Telephone Cords instead of Ring Ropes-Exploding Fax Machines on a Pole Match, with Jubie Jay Mullins as Guest Referee and applicable losers to leave town or, for an entire year, quit 1) bashing, 2) being "brutally bonest" 3) pushing muscle bound

As for The Dave, my pet peeves were already addressed when I re-upped for another 6 months of the Observer; too many WWF and WCW results which detract from readers' letters, and the suspension of the 80-90 page yearbooks when, in a year such as this, its happenings cried out for one. But his issues where Andre and Kerry V.E. died within weeks of each other were on a par with the Bruiser Brody eulogy issue. His coverage of the Sid-Arn fiasco and WCW's stupefying posture of sticking its head in the sand and hoping it will all just go away should be required reading. Any society who makes a book by Howard Stern, poster boy for frontal lobotomy #1 on the New York Times' best-seller list is destined for the same hell WCW and the Whiff are surely going to, but I refuse to believe for one moment wrestlers the world over hang on the every word of an man who lives in the suburbs of San Jose, CA, then go out and risk life + limb just to get one more of these (*) added to the result of their match on pages 4, 5 and 6 of any given Observer. The death of lucha libre wrestler Oro did not come from a tope or a plancha; it was something as simple as a chop to the throat. A freak accident. It is simply the inevitable evolution of pro wrestling; damn it if you must, and I do. The high spots and minefield blowing up at the 15 minute mark matches are getting more and more dangerous and people have already been scarred for life from it. Is it Meltzer's doing? No. He's the messenger, someone we all love to power-bomb onto a bed of nails as fire surrounds the ring whenever bad news comes our way. Blame the promoters and yes, blame the wrestlers. From this end, it's pretty much a team effort.

Paul Hanlin, Jr

Philly, PA

COMMON SENSE WAS NOT

The reason we've gathered tonight is to honor Dave Meltzer and to roast his nuts. Oops, sorry, that's eat roasted nuts. That's the last time I'll let Mean Gene proof-read my material.

To best illustrate the far-reaching impact Dave has had in our nation's war on demon steroids, I refer you to the Wrestling Observer (with an "o," kiddies) #1, the 1982 Yearbook, and winner of the "Strongest Wrestler of the Year" is (drum roll) Ken "Welcome to McDonald's, may I take your order" Patera (wild-applause from the Hungarian weight-lifting team). For the record, Hulk Hogan finished third that year, well behind Tony Atlas. But keep in mind that was the same year Bob Backlund's chicken-wing got an Honorable Mention for best finishing "maneuver." So, while steroids may have been legal then, common sense obviously was not.

I suppose the best way to sum up Dave is by reading you some of his own words, from the October 4, 1993 issue of the Observer (with and "e"):

"Rhetorical question of the week. Everyone in the office at WCW constantly complains that the guys today can't work, partially because the new guys are largely green and partially because the guys who can work do a different style because time have changed which doesn't make it wrong because it isn't what was done in the ring during the 70s, just an updated version. However, when they get guys who can work, they bury them, and instead push ahead of them muscleheads or relatives who can't work."

Somehow, after he typed it, and before going on, I envision Dave leaning back and saying to himself, "Now, where do I put the question mark? Hmmm. Awww, f--- it."

Dick Van Vader

Forest City, NC

[Ed. Note: The above author is also known as James Sullivan, former editor of the now folded BOOKING SHEET which Dave Meltzer once hailed as being the sheet for wrestling fans who like to think. What happened, guys?]

4th TOP REASON "MOOLENZ vs MERTZEL" IS A HOOT

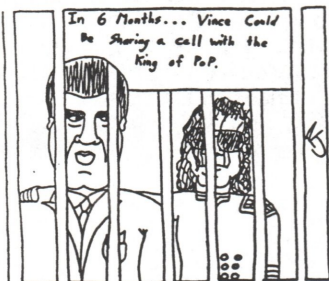
After going through extensive hypno-therapy, Mullins discovered that he was harassed in a past life by Meltzer, who, in a previous incarnation, was an evil Boy Scout troop leader. Ever since then, Mullins has had recurring nightmares about having his hand dipped into a bucket of water while he sleeps and then having to change his own sheets while demonic newsletter readers mock him. (From Barf Aloe Butch)

monsters, and 4) standing on folding chairs in sports arenas and pulling up shirttails to show-off scars from recent appendectomy bladings!

"What do you think, Gorilla?"

(Gorilla thinking: "In six months Vince could be sharing a cell with the King of Pop.")

Joke/Art by Ryan Jones, St. Paul, MN



Except for new comers, who will have two issues subtracted from their sub balance, this double issue makes up for the recent mini-issue (#10) that poked fun at Wade Keller and how he handled the McMahon indictments. I'm printing up more of the mini 2-pager and will sell it for \$1. Non-subscribers who hear about this 18-page double (MELTZER) issue will need to pay \$3 (\$4 for overseas.) For 4 regular issues send \$4w/4-SASE's.

Good underground friend, excellent wrestling analyst, and exceptionally creative (make-believe wrestling match) writer Jeff Cohen of 50 Shelley Lane, Great Neck, NY 11023 is selling his final issue of Fantasy Federation (JAN'94) for \$1.50 (add \$2 if you'd like a package of 3 back issues). He'll join Pete Lederberg, Mike Terry, Dave Scherer, and the rest of the CHAIRSHOTS crew in the Jan. 15 ish of that sheet.

IN THE SPIRIT...

(14)

My brief thoughts about Dave Meltzer? Well, it goes like this. He's an excellent writer who knows his stuff. He does lack somewhat in the editing department, which I know from seeing how he's butchered a letter or two of mine he's run over the years (which is probably why I don't send him letters too often anymore). But overall he produces the most informative publication on the grap business -- both inside and outside the ring -- around. Where would SOPWS, or any of the other sheets, for that matter, be if he hadn't first paved the way for them? On the other hand, he is by no means God, just a human being like the rest of us (?), and I'm sure he takes all the barbs thrown his way by you in the spirit they are intended. Legit heat between Mullins & Meltzer? C'mon, I don't buy it, and anyone who thinks that is taking SOPWS too seriously.

Robert L. Garrison
Raytown, MO

BUGGING DAVE

Jeff, your very funny newsletter arrived just in time. I was having one of those shitty days, feeling sorry for myself, blaming everyone else when Son of Soosh arrived--HOORAY! I still get the Observer and Torch--but boy they've sure changed--everyone is a f-----g expert on how things are supposed to be. I too like your ideas that screw-job-finishes are what makes fake fake. I watched the "Shoot Matches" from Denver on a tape my son got and it was booring. It was like some bar fights I was in years ago. Bang-bang, it's over. You have that special sick--but very to the point--way of expressing how I feel about a lot of things today. I really miss the regular Sushi, but I'm glad to get this one whenever you can do it. Keep up the good shit, and keep bugging Big Dave. I love it.

Chuck Costolo
Rockville, MD

IF IT WASN'T FOR...

I'll make my comments about Meltzer brief. Basically, if it wasn't for him, we wouldn't have the insider coverage all of us crave so much. It made me much more interested in wrestling after I discovered his newsletter. Of course, this doesn't mean you and others can't make fun of him at will.

William Rushton
Seaford, NY

MORE IGNORANT THAN A POST

We here at Dead Kennedys Liberation Army headquarters wish to take this opportunity and inform S.O.P.W.S. that not only does one Dave Meltzer edit letters to the editor in his Reader Pages but he has been known to change entire thoughts. Once a DKLA member wrote in extolling the virtues of "Iceman" King Parsons and Mr. Meltzer turned it into a paragraph on the evils of steroids. We write in no more because somehow Meltzer would turn our words around and we would come off sounding more ignorant than a post. That's what Pete Lederberg of CHAIRSHOTS is for anyway.

K. Floride
DKLA Headquarters

Jeff Zinger of 401 Springbank Ave., Unit #5, Woodstock, Ont., Canada N4S-1P9 is offering 64-pages of back issues of his trend-setting & very humorous (Pre-Sushi!) grap sheet called GAG (GRUNT 'N GROAN) which he published from 1988-90 for \$10.

Georgiann Makropoulous, first to break the Meltzer illness news in her monthly 32-pager which sells for \$2.50 at 23-44-30 Drive, Astoria, NY 11102-3252, has a 10x16 full color 1994 Wrestling Chatterbox Calander full of wrestlers pics for \$10 (\$14 Europe).

CHAIRSHOTS



Barry Rose of 200 Leslie Dr., Apt. 717, Hallandale, FL 33009 is selling copies of his (ahem) GREAT 30-page end-of-the-year CHAIRSHOTS for \$3. Regular twice a month 10-pager has been selling for \$1 each.

No hiding behind the convenient, quixotic, satirical masks of Riki-Jack or Jubie Jay.

No dancing around the edges..

No punches pulled.

No teasing.

No jokes.

No jive.

No b.s.

And...no kayfabe.

Is the "heat" between

3rd TOP REASON "MELTZER vs MELLONS" IS A POOT

Meltzer kept introducing Mullins as "Butt-head" at John Arezzi's Weekend of Champions. Mullins was subsequently blamed for a series of cruel pranks perpetrated upon various attendees, including drawing crude magic marker graffiti on Superstar Billy Graham's head, stuffing jalapena peppers up a snoring Ron Lemieux's nostrils, and squirting Cheez Whiz into Carlie Gill's bra. (From Hijo de Bigelow)

I REALLY MISS...

As for Dave, I really miss the reader comments following the poll results. They were greatly entertaining. I miss Meltzer's yearbooks, too.

Greg Petrosino
Bel Air, MD

DAVE NEVER APOLOGIZED

I've known Dave now for over 20 years. Anytime I pick up my Tolos Brothers Bulletin from the very early 70's, I see Dave, Arezzi, and many of our current favorites listed as correspondents to my 'zine. Anytime I pick up one of Dave's earliest Observers, I see him come out and say "this won't be a results bulletin," when currently it kind of is. I feel the days, if ever, are long gone when Dave printed all the hot stuff. Now, it feels like a business since so much gets left out and one has to read between the lines, or elsewhere. Bob Barnett wondered why he didn't print his Titan subpoena, and tell us all about what was going on. Bob's an attorney and knows it couldn't get Dave in trouble. We had to read about same in Torch. There are so many things that don't make it into the WON, that could be discussed and clearly labeled as "currently unsubstantiated" that it feels as if Dave is protecting himself or friends by not printing "everything." It's one thing to leave ridiculous rumors out and work towards a "higher level," but to ignore real news in the interest of protecting somebody's ego or ass bugs me. I know Cornette was bugged because Dave finally mentioned the major SMW backer by name, since many in the music industry have long been aware of this news. I was bugged when Dave never apologized for undermining my St. Louis charity event. And this was from a guy who I'd arranged tickets to Philly and Japan for since he needed my American Express card to get cheaper companion rates on Northwest. And then look what happened- we had well over 600 people who attended, not the "dozens" that were politely mentioned. Many of the top sheet people said it was the greatest convention they'd ever attended-but Meltzer wouldn't print that. In fact, the St Louis 19 who jointly wrote and sent a letter weren't mentioned in WON when a portion of the letter was printed. When asked, Dave said "I don't know." Dave knows- he didn't want you to know Evan Ginzberg, Ed Goldman, Sheldon Goldberg, Jeff Osborne, Harry White and so many more had the times of their lives with Thesz, Bastien, Ladd, Sabu, Backlund, Debiase, Rotunda, Kimala, Lanza, Roop, Costello, Mickey Doyle, Ox Baker, Kowalski, Pepper, Mrs. Toots Mondt, Jimmy Snuka's family and more. Did he mention we did a 4 hour tribute the next day to Brody and to black wrestling legends? Of course not. He contacted me only because he wanted me to call off everyone who was on his case, because he "didn't need the negative p.r." Well, neither did our charity event. Dave missed the boat on this one, and lost a lot of respect from his peers, which he craves. You mess with that and it upsets him. Sure he's the best we have, but not matter how he tries, he's still one of us and open to just criticism just like anyone. Like McMahon, he shouldn't be above anything, or any criticism; no matter what he thinks. Several bulletin editors we all respect, were worried about saying anything about Dave for Sushi, or elsewhere because they say their readers feel he's God and don't like anything negative said about Dave. Whenever I see Dave get a crowd of people, literally kissing his ass at different events over the years, I've tried to remind Dave where he came from and that his "eating that up" is disturbing. No one is beyond reproach or criticism when they fuck up. If someone admits they just honestly fucked up, they should be respected. We all love Dave's writing ability and everything else, but it's still reassuring to hear Evan Ginzberg say "what has Dave ever contributed or given back to wrestling, beyond making more money off it than most of the athletes?" Besides being partly responsible for illuminating many on steroids in the business, and partly getting them eradicated at Titan;

Mullins and Meltzer a work or a shoot? You know something? I was planning on going on for years, doing my thing, never letting on. It seemed the smartest thing to do. Tell my jokes. Get my points across via parody. Once in a while

Margin Col. Cont. Below

(16)

I think those are big positives. Whether those gains led to bigger falls for American wrestling in general are debatable, since the business has never had so much negative p.r. with resultant loss of interest.

After Dave failed to spell my name right or acknowledge I contributed over 75% of the photos in his last yearbook, I was put on a complist that has just recently been eliminated because of my recent criticisms of things going on that I can no longer sit back and idly watch. If that's the price, I can live with that. I'd rather pay for it and be able to point out wrongdoing, than censor myself.

Dr. Mike Lano

Producer, Canvas Cavity Wrestling Show

LIKE THE TIN MAN IN 'THE WIZARD OF OZ'- DAVE NEEDS A HEART

CITIZEN MELTZER by Eddie Goldman

Remember the scene at the end of "Godfather Part 2"? Al Pacino has conquered his mobster world, but sits alone and sullen, isolated and embittered by the consequences of what he had to do to achieve his "success". Now, Dave Meltzer to my knowledge has never harmed a fly, not even in an angle with a gimmicked one. But will wrestling's premier journalist one day disillusion and alienate enough people so that one day he will face a similar fate?

The hardcores and sheet people generally have a high sense of camaraderie. I think this is because the drama, comedy, and thrills of wrestling are best enjoyed as a social, rather than individual experience. Thus we expect more from Meltzer, and in fact recognition from him of that special bond we almost automatically feel from those others who "know the feeling", who "understand" why we love wrestling. Instead, as Dave has become more of a successful businessman via the Observer, and as his relationship with more of us has become almost exclusively a cash-money one, his perception has shifted more and more from a grass roots perspective, to that of one from above.

This is why he fumbled so badly in his handling of reporting the Sam Muchnick St. Louis convention in May. His yardstick was not one of what in reality transpired in a social sense among those who attended. Instead it was another list of "big names", "famous people", etc., that made his report. What was key to him was how those in the business were told, or reportedly told, about the convention, although even on this Dave did little to elaborate in print. When told of the qualitative leap in relationships and unity of purpose and spirit in regard to supporting the cause of wrestling that developed at this emotion-packed convention, all Dave could translate this into was that we "had a good time" and he was glad. When asked why he did not list the names of those of us at the convention who signed the letter criticizing his coverage and his attack on Dr. Mike Lano, Dave said, "I don't know why." This really pissed many people off. We wished Dave no harm, but felt he had blown an analysis of an important event in the history of wrestling. And we didn't appreciate Dave's lambasting of Lano's handling of this charity event, like it was a profit-seeking venture. So even if Dave primarily sees the Observer as a trade publication rather than a type of fanzine, a skewed perspective will keep him from accurately reporting on such events involving both fans and workers.

Eddie Goldman

New York, NY

Margin Column Cont.

get serious. But then, so many of you started asking: "What's going on between you and Dave?" "The satire seems to be

↑
Cont.
↑

Take nothing away from Dave. I'm sure he was told a zillion times when he embarked on putting out the Observer that he was wasting his time, it would never work, etc. But he knew he was right, he worked hard and persisted against numerous odds, and trailblazed a path for legitimate wrestling journalism. What's more, in wrestling's gravest crisis, he has been in the lead of exposing WWF's wrongdoings, as well as unhesitatingly battling the dangers of steroids and unmasking the lies and half-truths of their pushers. And he also has himself made history by helping usher in a growing appreciation in this country for Japanese and Mexican wrestling.

But Dave's appreciation for workrate also sometimes misses the forest for the trees. Wrestling in the U.S. is first and foremost spectacle, and sport only second. Good or bad, the American culture has clearly resulted in that fact. Further, there is room for many diverse styles and types of pro wrestling. Thus workrate alone is insufficient to be used as a judge in rating and giving stars to matches. (By the way, why do movies have only four stars, but wrestling five? Does that mean wrestling is better?) Hogan-Andre at WM III was dreadful in terms of workrate, but a critical success as a finale to a brilliantly-executed angle. Gorgeous George's matches often sucked, but his ring entrance and antics made him the most popular American wrestler this century. If you just want sport, watch freestyle or Greco or collegiate or Sumo-- none of which is reported on in the Observer. Yes, I, too, want better workrate. In particular, McMahon's style of little athleticism has been disastrous to the sport. Just don't discount the show biz part.

The common denominator in my criticism of Dave Meltzer is his undervaluing of human, social relationships, reactions, and reality, and his overvaluing of formal, official "reality". For one who purports to comment so much and so definitively on wrestling and the human condition, there are unmistakable signs of the same pettiness, selfishness, and greed he criticizes in others. This is far from a unique shortcoming of Dave, but rather a general condition of commercial media. Dave has learned and written all about the sleazy dealings of so many in wrestling. Perhaps he can also afford to learn from the multitude of open, kind-hearted, warm, and accommodating people in and around the business. In my last **** movie analogy, like the Tin Man in "The Wizard of Oz", I think Dave needs a heart. If he acted more like he had one, I'm sure he would get a much warmer reception in return from more of his colleagues, readers, and admirers.

2nd ROP TREASON "MULLINSKY vs MELTZER-SAN" IS A BOOT

Meltzer and Mullins got into a vicious chop fight at Waldenbooks, each claiming dibs on a rare autographed copy of "How to Pick Up Broads" by co-authors Joey Buttafuccho & Jerry Lawler. (From Jushin "Thundah" Bigelow)

OBVIOUSLY HE HAS A SENSE OF HUMOR ... ⑰

taking on a different edge." "Is the heat real?" "Is it a work?" "Is it a shoot?"

In Son of Sushi #9, for what it's worth, I asked all of you to share (in this special section) your own feelings and thoughts about Dave Meltzer and his work. You've done well, Sushigangsters. Really well. When put together like this, with all your comments and dissertations (whether funny or sincere, self-serving or from the heart), the total piece becomes a voice from the wrestling underground, a shifting, flowing, changing voice that, with but few exceptions, probably reflects the varied, multi-leveled, differently colored attitudes and feelings of most of the sheet-reading hardcores, and certainly it reflects the thoughts of those of you who did not respond out of fear or guilt or loyalty to Dave. (Would you believe about 33% of those who responded--via the mail or otherwise--did so with the words: "NOT FOR PRINT," that half of these correspondents are business insiders, a few who range from legendary to well-known. In most cases their responses were sharp and to the point and covered both sides of the ledger regarding how they felt about Dave. I can only guess why some of them took the time (and possible risk) to answer at all. I'm tempted to print their letters and comments without their names. But I can't. To me the words: "NOT FOR PRINT!" are the three

I'd like to think Dave enjoys most of the ribbing you give him. I remember an April Fools issue he did a while back. Obviously, he has a sense of humor. I'd be surprised if he didn't mind most--if not all--of what you write.

Terry Baker
Wichita, KS

[Ed. Note: Terry, obviously, you haven't given Dave your phone number, yet!]

... OR MAYBE NOT

In response to your request for reader contributions to your Dave Meltzer special issue coming out in December, I thought you might be interested in a conversation I had with Dave on Wednesday night, Nov. 24. I was calling in my vote on the Survivor Series (a strong thumbs-down, by the way), and Dave happened to pick up on the first ring, instead of letting it go to the answering machine.

I talked with him for about half an hour on the Triple Disaster that's just hit wrestling (Sid, Lawler, and Vince), then I mentioned your latest Sushi to him. I didn't record the conversation, or take any notes, so what follows is entirely from memory:

JT: Did you happen to see the latest Sushi?

DM: Yeah, I did.

JT: Did you know the next episode of Sushi is a special issue, devoted just to you?

DM: It seems like every issue is devoted just to me.

JT: So it doesn't bother you, then.

DM: After a while, I get numb to it.

JT: Did you see the part where Mullins accused you of deploring the dangerous moves in pro wrestling on the one hand, while at the same time giving those very moves a 5-star rating?

DM: I don't give the violent matches a 5-star rating.

JT: I heard you and Mullins were at the same show recently.

DM: Yeah, when a certain high spot happened, everyone, including me, got up and cheered. Mullins said to me, "You shouldn't have done that," and left, without watching the final three matches on the show.

JT: So you think he was there just to watch you, and not the show?

DM: Maybe, I don't know.

As for my own contribution to the December issue of Sushi, I'd just like to say this:

Jeff, you have every right to write either straight-forward or sarcastic criticism of Dave Meltzer or anyone else you choose. But I do think Dave has the right to let his answers to these criticisms be known.

Jim Thompson
THE DETROIT NEWS

[Ed. Note: "Numb," eh? HMMMMM. Sounds like Phase I of "PLAN X" is working!!! For the record, Dave jumped up and cheered a dangerous over the top rope backwards flip to the cement floor that sent Rey Mysterio Jr. to the hospital in an ambulance. Whereas Dave confirmed this later, plus the fact that before the match AAA/IWC's Antonio Pena was yelling in the back and chewing out the boys for not "working" hard enough, Dave never reported these incidents in the Observer even though they occurred fresh on the heels of Oro's death which at the time was still being talked about as being related to the dangerous risks Oro had been taking and not the bullshit genetic defect Dave has been pushing since. Realizing that Dave did not want to respond to my question about steroids vs moonsaults, ie., which ones are actually killing and crippling more wrestlers now, and when the beer, nachos, and coins starting raining down, I left ringside to watch the remaining three matches from the general admission seats where Ron Head and Peter Hines

ugliest words in the English language. And even though I've used them myself on occasion, I hate them because of what they often represent: fear, mixed agendas, playing both sides of the fence, but mostly fear, fear that somehow if they, we, you, I speak the truth about something or someone (one way or the other) we will regret it (be punished?).

So, the "heat" between Dave and me?

It's a shoot. Thou it never started out that way. (Next, you'll want an explanation, right?)

Actually, I'm not going to let anyone down. I've got a disk filled with reasons why the friendship went south, and to be frank, this issue could turn into a "double-double" if it didn't stop here.

Another reason I'm not getting into the explanation part right now, is that I think Dave and I should talk first, not necessarily to bury the hatchet (unless that's the way things work out), but to see where we stand on things that have us at odds: a personal matter or two, things about the pro wrestling underground, policies for the Observer, major issues in wrestling (such as steroids vs topes), his relationships with certain people, and more.

I'd also like to know what questions you Sushi-gangsters would like asked for print, questions which have been nagging you. (I'm counting on most of your questions to be legit, okaaaay?)

Please send me your QUESTIONS FOR DAVE before the Royal Rumble takes place on 1/22.

were video-taping (for their own private use and enjoyment, I'm sure.) Anyway, impressed with the irony of Jim Thompson's conversation with Dave, I wondered what another conversation and letter might have sounded like if Jim used almost the same words while talking to Vince McMahon, and had written the letter to Dave, instead of me.

BOGUS LETTER ALERTBOGUS LETTER ALERT***BOGUS LETTER ALERT***

Hi, Dave!

In response to your request for reader contributions to your "post-appendectomy" special on Vince McMahon (Hey! Isn't every issue of the Observer a McMahon special?!), I thought you might be interested in a conversation I had with Vince. I was calling to tell him I had voted a strong thumbs-down on Survivor Series, when Vince himself picked up the phone on the first ring, instead of letting it go through the switchboard. (I guess he was picking up in case it was some "mainstream" media type like myself calling to get a serious interview for a serious story about the indictments.)

I talked with Vince for about a half an hour about the Quadruple Disasters in Pro Wrestling: Oro's death in Mexico, Lawler's close call, your appendectomy scare, and Vince's own situation with the Feds, and then I mentioned your Observer to him. I did not record the conversation, or take any notes, so what follows is from memory:

JT: Did you happen to see the latest Observer?

VM: Yeah, I did.

JT: Did you know the next issue of the Observer is devoted just to you?

VM: It seems like every issue is devoted to me.

JT: So, it doesn't bother you, then?

VM: After a while, I get numb to it.

JT: Did you see the part where Meltzer accused you of still pushing big, muscle bound monsters on one hand, while at the same time running phony-baloney drug tests?

VM: I'd like to think the WWF pushes genetically gifted athletes.

JT: I heard you and Meltzer were sitting next to each other at the same show recently.

VM: Yeah, when a certain genetically gifted athlete named Lex Luger was in the middle of that high spot he does, where he poses and flexes his pecs after clotheslining his opponent, everyone, including me, got up and cheered. Meltzer said to me, "You shouldn't have done that," and he left without watching the final three matches on the show.

JT: Jump'n Jimminy, Vince! Do you think Meltzer was there just to watch you, and not the show?!

VM: Maybe, I don't know. I mean, who else could be tipping-off the FBI?

As for my own contribution to the "post-appendectomy" McMahon special issue of the Observer, I'd just like to say this:

Dave, you have every right to write straight-forward or steroids-laced criticism of Vince McMahon or anyone else you choose. But I do think Vince has the right to let his answers to these criticisms be known. (Why, Dave, in all the years you've done your stories on Vince have you never printed his letters of response in the Observer?)

Jim Thompson
Detroit News

END BOGUS LETTER ALERTEND BOGUS ALERT***END BOGUS LETTER ALERT***

Final Note: While Dave Meltzer has never written to Sushi, whenever he has called over the past four years, we've always conveyed his various positions or complaints with accuracy. --Jeff Mullins, Editor

#1 TOP REASON "MULLINS VS MELTZER" IS A SHOOT

Meltzer discovered a telltale lump on his girlfriend's breast. Unfortunately, it was Mullins' thumb. (From Butch "I'm a baaad maan!" Bigelow)